BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
HIROSHI SAKURAZAKA

ALL YOU NEED IS KILL

ADAPTED BY
NICK MAMATAS

ART BY
LEE FERGUSON

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COLORS BY
FAJAR BUANA

LETTERS BY
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SAM ELZWAY

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JOEL ENOS

SOMEDAY SOON...

THE AMPHIBIOUS ALIEN MIMICS HAVE INVADED EARTH!

ONLY THE MULTINATIONAL UNITED DEFENSE FORCE STANDS BETWEEN US AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

MEET JAPANESE RECRUIT KEIJI KIRIYA...

...BUT DON'T GET ATTACHED.

CHAPTER 1

IF THERE'S A HEAVEN, IT'S A COLD PLACE.

A DARK PLACE.

A LONELY PLACE.

WE ONLY KNEW HOW TO DIE...

A VALKYRIE...AN ANGEL OF DEATH?

NO...

THE FULL METAL BITCH!

AND HER AXE!

HEY.

JAPANESE, HUNH? THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW...

UHH...

IS THE GREEN TEA YOU GET AT THE END OF THE MEAL FREE? OR DO THEY TACK IT ON TO THE BILL?

JUST MAKIN' CONVERSATION. WANNA TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER INSTEAD? BLUE SKY GOOD, RED SKY BAD.

THIS IS PRETTY BAD. I'LL STAY WITH YOU TILL YOU DIE, K? I'M RITA VRATASKI.

FROM THE U.S.

YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, RIGHT?

KEIJI... 301ST. WE WERE WIPED OUT. IF YOU STAY...YOU DIE TOO.

BUT I HAVE TO STAY.

I NEED YOUR BATTERY PACKS, AND I CAN'T TAKE ALL OF THEM TILL YOUR PULSE STOPS.

THAT'S COLD.

"THAT'S WAR, SOLDIER."

AAAAAH!

EASY THERE, KILLER KEIJI—DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE A LITTLE OLD FOR NIGHTMARES?

OR YOUNG FOR PTSD?

THE MIMICS HAVE OVERRUN THE PLANET, DUDE. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO DOESN'T ALREADY HAVE PTSD.

AHA! DOCTOR YONABARU HAS FOUND THE CAUSE OF YOUR PROBLEMS!

A MURDER MYSTERY, EH? A LITTLE BLOODY FOR THE DAY BEFORE A BIG OPERATION.

THE BATTLE? THAT WAS YESTERDAY! WE LOST! I...

YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, KEIJI...SWEAT THE WAR TOO MUCH AND YOU'LL LOSE YOUR MIND EVEN BEFORE YOU GET YOUR BRAINS BLOWN OUT.

GENTLEMEN.

TODAY IS A SPECIAL DAY.

TODAY IS A DAY THAT ENDS WITH A "Y."

"YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS..."

DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN, EH?

SHUT...UP...

"IT'S HER...THE FULL METAL BITCH. SHE LOOKS MORE LIKE A PUPPY WITHOUT HER ARMOR. I CAN'T HELP BUT STARE."

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS EXERCISE? UH, SIR.

WE FIND THAT ISOMETRIC EXERCISE HELPS STRENGTHEN THE SOLDIER'S LINK TO HIS JACKET.

HIS, HUH?

IT'S A NICE DAY, BLUE SKY AND ALL. PERMISSION TO JOIN THE TRAINING?

URRGH...

SAY CHEESE!

WHUMP

WIPE THOSE SMIRKS OFF YOUR FACES, KNUCKLEHEADS, AND GET DOWN HERE.

CHOK

SO, DO I HAVE SOMETHING ON MY FACE? YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT ME FOR A WHILE.

CAN'T SPEAK...WILL PUKE...

HURRRRGH

NOW HE'S READY.

I AM NOT READY FOR THIS...

FUCK.

"FUCK THE UNITED DEFENSE FORCES!"

"FUCK THESE FUCKING FROG-FACED ALIENS!"

FUCK ANYONE WHO'S AIMING AT ME!

THIS WAY, WATCH MY FLANK!

HUH? DÉJÀ VU...

THIS IS... FAMILIAR...

"THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE!"

YONABARU!

IS ANYONE ELSE SEEING THIS?

LOOK ALIVE, SON! YOUR SIX!

I CAN'T DIE THIS WAY...

...THIS IS HOW YONABARU DIED.

FUCK THE LIMITED BATTERY POWER IN THIS THING.

AAAAAH!

EASY THERE, KILLER-

IT'S NOT PTSD. IT'S DÉJÀ VU.

GENTLEMEN.

SPEAKING OF DÉJÀ VU.

BET YOU FOUR THOUSAND THAT SOMETHING COOL HAPPENS...A PRETTY GIRL SHOWS UP.

NO BET.

"GOTTA STAY COOL..."

"IF HE STARES AT YOU, STARE RIGHT BACK..."

WHO IS THIS THEN? A JAPANESE!

DON'T SEE TOO MANY JAPANESE SOLDIERS ANYMORE. NOT SINCE THE COAST GUARD RETREATED.

WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY ALL UP AND LEFT WHEN THE CROAKERS TOOK OKINAWA.

HEY MISTER! HEY, SOLDIER BOY!

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MESS IS? DON'T LOOK LIKE NO ALGAE I'VE EVER SEEN.

OH NO...RUN!

"THE MIMICS WERE ONCE JUST FEATURELESS BLOBS. THEY ABSORB THE STRUCTURES OF THE LIFE-FORMS THEY ENCOUNTER."

"1200 METERS PER SECOND. HE NEVER FELT A THING."

"MY KNIFE, MY GUN, MY JACKET...ALL BACK AT THE BASE."

"FUCK ME..."

SLOOSH

THEN NOTHING...

CHAPTER 2

"THERE IS NO ESCAPE."

"WHEN I DON'T STARE AT RITA, SHE DOESN'T JOIN THE TRAINING. THAT MEANS I CAN AFFECT THE WORLD AROUND ME."

"AND I CAN BRING WHAT I KNOW BACK INTO THE LOOP."

TRAIN ME.

I AM TRAINING YOU.

TRAIN ME TO LIVE...NOT TO DIE.

BOY, I'LL TRAIN YOU TO KILL.

YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT MIMICS IN JACKETS? YOU NEED HELICOPTERS AND TANKS, BUT BLOWING SHIT UP BRINGS DOWN THE PROPERTY VALUES.

JAPAN HAS PLENTY OF FACTORIES AND PLENTY OF PEOPLE. SO THEY MADE JACKETS AND SHOVE RAW RECRUITS IN 'EM.

TURN LEMONS INTO LEMONADE.

SQUEEZE 'EM HARD!

KIRI-OBOERU!

UH...YOU KNOW JAPANESE AFTER ALL!

DAMN RIGHT I DO. AN OLD SAMURAI SAYING, "STRIKE DOWN YOUR ENEMY, AND LEARN."

"SAMURAI DIDN'T HAVE GUNS. THEY DIDN'T HAVE BOMBS."

"EVERY SINGLE MAN THEY KILLED THEY CUT DOWN IN HAND-TO-FUCKING-HAND COMBAT."

"KILL A MAN A WEEK, EVERY WEEK FOR TEN YEARS, AND IT STARTS TO ADD UP."

"THEY DIDN'T JUST KILL ONCE AND CALL IT A DAY."

"THEY KEPT GOING, AND THEY GOT BETTER."

"A KID FROM THE DOJO HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST A BATTLE-TESTED VETERAN."

"THAT'S HOW THEY PILED UP HUNDREDS OF CORPSES...ONE SWING AT A TIME."

THE MORE YOU KILL THE STRONGER YOU GET...LIKE A VIDEO GAME.

NO, NOT LIKE THAT. THEY FOUGHT MEN, NOT LITTLE DIGITAL MONSTERS. AND THEY ONLY HAD ONE LIFE TO LOSE.

ALL THAT SHIT THEY DRUM INTO YOU IN BASIC IS THE BARE MINIMUM. LOOK LEFT, LOOK RIGHT, DON'T CROSS AGAINST THE LIGHT.

MOST UNLUCKY BASTARDS FORGET EVEN THAT WHEN THE SHIT STARTS FLYING. BUT IF YOU'RE LUCKY, **YOU'LL LIVE**, AND YOU MIGHT JUST LEARN SOMETHING-

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

JUST THAT THING ABOUT LIVING AND LEARNING...IF I CAN LIVE THROUGH MY FIRST BATTLE, I JUST MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING, EH?

OH, YOU'RE GONNA LEARN SOMETHING RIGHT NOW.

LIKE I SAID, THEY JUST TEACH YOU THE MINIMUM, AND DEPEND ON TECH AND NUMBERS. GOOD FOR THE KING, BAD FOR THE PAWN. SO TURN OFF YOUR AUTOBALANCER AND WALK IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

"SEE, IF WE ACTUALLY TRAINED YOU TO WALK IN THESE THINGS, THE WAR WOULD BE OVER BEFORE YOU WERE READY FOR THE FRONT LINES."

"IT TOOK ME SEVEN TRIES JUST TO GET BACK TO MY FEET..."

"THE NIGHT BEFORE I DIE."

"I CAN'T RUN."

"I CAN'T WIN."

"BUT THE AMERICAN CAN."

"I NEED TO GET MY HAND ON RITA'S...AXE."

NEW RECRUIT!

MULTICULTURAL!

HOT DOGS!

APPLE PIE!

KILL KILL KILL!

"THE WAR ISN'T GOING WELL...THERE'S HARDLY ANY SECURITY ANYMORE."

"LUCKILY, THE FIRST THINGS MIMICS ENCOUNTERED WHEN THEY LANDED ON EARTH WERE FROGS AND STARFISH. IF THEY COULD MIMIC PEOPLE, WE'D BE ROYALLY FUCKED."

"WELL, WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN? EVEN IF THEY SHOOT ME, I'LL JUST WAKE UP BACK IN MY BED THIS MORNING..."

"SHASTA RAYLLE..."

HELLO.

"...RITA'S PERSONAL NERD."

"UH...ARMORER."

AAAAAAAH!

DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU.

YOU DROPPED THESE...UH, GOGGLES.

THESE AREN'T GOGGLES, THESE ARE MY NORMAL GLASSES. AND YOU'RE IN A HIGH-SECURITY AREA. I CAN'T LET YOU STAY.

GREAT! I DON'T WANT TO STAY.

UH...YOU DON'T?

I JUST WANT ONE OF THOSE, THANKS. YOU DON'T EVEN NEED TO GIFT WRAP IT.

OH, OF COURSE! HA HA. YOU'RE ONE OF **THOSE** GUYS! HA HA HA.

SO STUPID.

YOU MEAN THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE ME? WHO? WHERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

A LOT OF SOLDIERS WANT AN AXE LIKE RITA'S. THEY THINK THEY CAN EMULATE HER.

AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM?

WELL, THE DUMB ONES BREAK THEIR OWN BACKS TRYING TO SWING IT THE FIRST TIME THEY TRY.

THE SMART ONES FIGURE OUT THAT THEY NEED TO TURN OFF THEIR AUTOBALANCER, AND THEY BREAK THEIR OWN BACKS JUST TRYING TO LIFT THE DAMN THING.

TWO HUNDRED KILOGRAMS, NO BALANCE.

SO WHY ARE THEY THE SMART ONES?

BECAUSE THEY'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK. THEY JUST DON'T HAVE THE PATIENCE TO LEARN TO OPERATE THE JACKET.

"I MADE HER FIRST AXE FROM THE WINGS OF A DECOMMISSIONED BOMBER."

"I THOUGHT SHE WAS CRAZY. STILL DO."

"SHE TOLD ME SHE WANTED TO PROVE HERSELF. AND THAT SHE HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO PRACTICE."

SHOOM

"AND IT WORKED. SHE'S AMERICA'S SWEETHEART..."

"...AND THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN THE WORLD AND THE MIMIC MENACE."

SO DOES THIS MEAN I CAN HAVE THE AXE...OR THAT I CAN'T HAVE THE AXE?

DEPENDS...WILL YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE?

WHAT DOES THIS NUMBER REPRESENT? FORTY-SEVEN DAYS TILL YOU GO HOME? GIRLFRIEND'S BIRTHDAY?

LET'S JUST SAY IT'S BEEN THAT MANY DAYS SINCE I DIED.

"SOMEHOW, THAT WORKED..."

"SLOWLY BUT SURELY..."

"IT WORKED."

"I LASTED FIVE MINUTES."

"LIKE THE AMERICANS SAY..."

LOOP 74:
"EVERY DAY."

LOOP 93:
"IN EVERY WAY."

LOOP 102:
"I GET BETTER."

LOOP 136:
"AND BETTER."

156

"BUT NEVER QUITE
GOOD ENOUGH..."

DON'T SEE TOO MANY OFFICERS IN THIS MESS, NOR TOO MANY AMERICANS ON THIS SIDE.

WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE, SOLDIER.

IN THAT CASE, LET ME WARN YOU...**UMEBOSHI** CAN BE DANGEROUS.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

FOR WHO? AMERICANS? THERE'S **NOTHING** TOO INTENSE FOR AMERICANS. WE'RE HERE BAILING OUT YOUR ASSES.

I TRIED TO WARN HER. IT'S TOO INTENSE FOR AMERI-

LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR MY INCOMPETENCE. I'LL LEAVE.

THAT'S ENOUGH!

SLAM

KEIJI, STOP!

"SHE KNOWS MY NAME!"

WHAM!

"THAT LOOP WAS CURSED ANYWAY..."

WHOA! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT, AN ART PROJECT?

IT'S FOR CRUSHING. DOESN'T NEED RELOADING. WON'T GET STUCK IN CROAKER FLESH.

GENTLEMEN. I WON'T LIE TO YOU. YOU ARE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED. USE THE LAUNCHERS SPARINGLY. AND TAKE A LESSON...

THIS ISN'T A GAME. THERE ARE NO RULES. YOUR COMRADE KEIJI KNOWS THIS, AND HE BROUGHT HIS OWN WEAPON TO PLAY WITH. WHEN THE MIMICS GET CLOSE, GIVE HIM A WIDE BERTH.

OTHERWISE, YOU'LL BE "AX"-ING FOR IT, RIGHT? HA HA.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT THIS THING, BUT HE SURE CAN USE IT. THIS MORNING, YOU WILL ALL GET A LESSON IN SLAUGHTERING MIMICS. PAY ATTENTION TO IT.

WHAT, NO PEP TALK FOR THE REST OF US?

YONABARU, JUST DO...WHAT YOU ALWAYS DO.

"WHAT HE ALWAYS DID WAS DIE. JUST LIKE THE REST OF US."

KEIJI–TOO FAR OUT! BRING IT BACK.

"I DON'T NEED THEM. THEY'RE ALL GOING TO DIE. I REALLY ONLY NEED FERRELL."

"YOU CAN'T LEARN FROM MISTAKES WHEN THEY KILL YOU."

"THE SPACE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, THE BORDERLANDS PILED HIGH WITH CORPSES...THAT'S THE BEST PLACE TO SURVIVE."

"SHOOT. PLANT ONE FOOT. THEN THE OTHER. SHOOT."

"KEEP MOVING."

"YUP. THEY SHOULD ALL BE DEAD BY NOW, 'CEPT FOR FERRELL."

BACKUP! BACKUP NOW! AIR SUPPORT! ANYONE!

"HERE COME THE AMERICANS, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE."

"PERFECT TIMING. AS ALWAYS."

"SAME AS IT EVER WAS."

HUH?!

"THAT...THING! SO FAMILIAR. OF COURSE, IT WAS THE LAST THING I SAW BEFORE I DIED."

KILL! KILL!

BOOM

SO, KEIJI...

HOW MANY LOOPS HAS IT BEEN FOR YOU?

CHAPTER 1

BEFORE...

"SHE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD AT HORSESHOES."

AW MAN, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

"AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH SHE WAS BULLIED FOR HER SMARTS..."

"OR ABUSED FOR HER RED HAIR..."

"OR HOW MUCH LIFE ITSELF SEEMED TO BE OUT TO GET HER..."

"SHE NEVER EVER CRIED."

"UNLESS SHE WAS PRETENDING."

BEWARE

YOU HAVE TO LET ME SERVE! I'LL TAKE ANY JOB!

I'LL DO... ANYTHING.

EVEN BEFORE...

I CALLED THEM. THE POLICE AND THE WILSONS AND THE KARASSES. THEY'LL BE HERE SOON...AND THEY ALL SAID TO STAY INSIDE.

I BET I CAN HERD IT TOWARD THE BARN.

COME BACK! YOU'VE SEEN THE NEWS. THINK OF YOUR FAMILY. THINK OF...

...RITA?

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS. LET'S NOT MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES.

"WE WOULDN'T WANT TO PROVOKE IT."

RUN!

DAD!

"A FARMER'S SHOTGUN WAS WORSE THAN USELESS."

"RITA GOT HER HAIR FROM HER MOTHER. HER STUBBORN STREAK CAME FROM HER FATHER."

THIS IS CRAZY, GIRL. HE KILLED YOUR PA!

LEAVE...IF YOU WANT TO DIE. THIS'LL WORK. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE ANGLES AND THE TIMING OF THEIR THROWS.

HERE COMES THE OTHER ONE.

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

BRRHHGL

SEE...IT WORKED.

IT WORKED.

MOM?

"THE STORY SO FAR!"

"...OR OUR BEST GUESS ANYWAY."

"ON THE NEXT CLEAR NIGHT, LOOK UP AT THIS PORTION OF THE SKY. THIS IS FROM WHERE THE MIMICS HAVE COME."

PRETTY LOW-BUDGET PRODUCTION VALUES.

WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING? WHATSISNAME FROM **WAR OF THE WORLDS?**

"THE MIMICS ARE NOT INTELLIGENT, BUT WERE CREATED BY AN INTELLIGENCE FROM THIS FAR-OFF STAR SYSTEM."

"ESSENTIALLY, EACH MIMIC IS AN 'ECOFORMING BOMB', A MASS OF QUICKLY REPLICATING STEM CELLS ABLE TO ADOPT THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ANY LIFE-FORM IT ENCOUNTERS.

"DOWN ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, THE FIRST ECO-BOMBS CHANCED UPON ECHINODERMS-STAR-FISH."

"EVENTUALLY, AFTER ALSO CONSUMING THE DNA OF ANURA-FROGS-THEY ENCOUNTERED US."

"AND EVOLVED TO MEET OUR THREAT. NOW WE MUST DO THE SAME."

"AND RITA DID."

"THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE UDF TO KILL TWENTY MIMICS IN ONE BATTLE."

HOW DID YOU DO IT?

IS COOKING DANGEROUS? IT'S ALL FIRE AND BOILING WATER. WE KEEP IT IN OUR HOMES.

"THAT WAS HER SECRET-RUN RIGHT AT THEM."

"ONE LAST ROCKET..."

AND THAT, DEAR READER, IS HOW I ENDED UP STUCK IN A TIME LOOP. I KILLED THE WRONG MIMIC THE MOMENT IT KILLED ME.

SOME MIMICS ARE LIKE ANTENNAE, SENDING SIGNALS TO THEIR PAST SELVES, SO THE MIMICS ALWAYS KNOW HOW TO WIN.

IN THE LOOP, THE LITTLE BASTARDS GLOW AND HAVE A BIG GREEN EYE. HANDY THAT, IF YOU WANT TO KILL THEM ALL. AND I DO.

"THIS IS EVEN HARDER TO EXPLAIN."

LOOK RITA, THE NEW GUMBALL MACHINE ACTION FIGURES JUST CAME OUT!

I HAD TO USE A WHOLE ROLL OF QUARTERS.

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE-

YOU! THE YOU FROM THE MOVIE ANYWAY.

AND THIS ONE IS ME!

GEE, SHASTA, WHY DO YOU HAVE THOSE TWO-

GUNS?

NO.

UH...I DUNNO.

GOOD MORNING, LADIES. I'M NOT...INTERRUPTING ANYTHING, AM I?

UH...WELL, ANYWAY RITA, I HAVE TO RUN, SOME, UH, BECHDEL TESTS ON YOUR JACKET.

ALL-ACCESS PASS. ANYWAY, THE JAPANESE ARE DOING SOME WEIRD PHYSICAL TRAINING, AND THE BRASS WANTS ME TO TAKE PICTURES OF YOU OBSERVING THEM.

BYE!

HOW DID YOU EVEN GET IN HERE? THESE ARE MY PRIVATE QUARTERS!

DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN, EH?

SHUT...UP...

"THERE SHE IS! KEEP STARING..."

PERMISSION TO JOIN?

TRY NOT TO EMBARRASS HIM TOO MUCH.

IS THERE SOMETHING ON MY FACE...

SMILE!

PARDON ME! SERGEANT MAJOR? FULL METAL BI-UH, RITA, HELLO? HELLO?

WHAT IS IT, SOLDIER? DON'T LET THE PHOTOGRAPHER FOOL YOU. I'M NOT DOING AUTO-GRAPHS TONIGHT. WE HAVE A BATTLE TOMORROW.

I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

IT'S...

JAPANESE RESTAURANTS DON'T CHARGE FOR GREEN TEA.

I UNDERSTAND.

"DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN. AND AGAIN AND AGAIN."

KEIJI-TOO FAR OUT! BRING IT BACK.

"RITA EXPLAINED EVERYTHING. I'M NOT TRAVELING IN A TIME LOOP. I'M JUST **REMEMBERING.**"

"I'M TRAPPED IN THE DREAM OF A MIMIC."

"ONE OF THE CRAZY-LOOKING ONES."

"WELL, CRAZIER-LOOKING ONES."

"THEY'RE ANTENNAE, TRANSMITTING INFORMATION INTO THE PAST. THAT'S HOW MIMICS LEARN; HOW THEY EVOLVE."

"WHEN I KILLED THAT MIMIC, I GOT TRAPPED IN HIS LOOP-AND RITA WAS FREED."

"YUP, THEY SHOULD ALL BE DEAD BY NOW, 'CEPT FOR FERRELL."

MADE IT. RECORD TIME, I THINK. YOU READY?

READIER THAN ANYONE ELSE COULD POSSIBLY BE.

WELL, THE TRICK IS TO KILL THE MIMIC WITHOUT IT KILLING YOU, AND BEFORE ANYONE ELSE CAN KILL IT

YOU'VE NEVER MANAGED **THAT** BEFORE.

"DON'T WORRY, KEIJI. IT'S NOT DANGEROUS."

"IT'S LIKE OPENING A CAN OF BEANS."

"YOU JUST NEED THE RIGHT CAN OPENER."

PEOPLE OF EARTH, REJOICE!

I, KEIJI KIRIYA, HAVE BUILT A BETTER CAN OPENER!

"ACT NOW! BUY A RITA VRATASKI-BRAND CAN OPENER AND GET A KEIJI KIRIYA-BRAND OPENER ABSOLUTELY FREE!"

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MO-OOF!

KEIJI!

CAN YOU PLEASE JUST CONCENTRATE ON THE TASK AT HAND?

RIGHT.

"LOOP 160."

WELL, SHIT.

KILL!

CHAPTER 4

BLAH BLAH PTSD READ THE BOOK IT WAS A POISONED PUDDING.

DAY BEGINS WITH A Y.

ISOMETRIC PUSH-UPS.

WE'VE ONLY LEARNED TO DIE.

LET'S GO ALREADY.

NO, THERE'S NOTHING ON YOUR FACE.

-DON'T CHARGE FOR THE GREEN TEA.

LET'S ALL JOIN THE AR-MY!

"LET'S ALL JOIN THE AR-MY!"

SO, WHAT IS THIS?

UMEBOSHI. A PLUM, OR MAYBE MORE LIKE AN APRICOT. DRIED AND PICKLED. FOR SOME AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

"LET'S ALL JOIN THE AAAAAR-MEEEEEE!"

OH REALLY? WHAT'S IT TASTE LIKE?

LIKE WAR. YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. YOU CAN ONLY EXPERIENCE IT.

"AND KILL OURSELVES SOME THINGS!"

HMM.

MILD.

NOT SOUR AT ALL.

PRACTICALLY BABY FOOD.

WATCH IT, RITA. THE JAPANESE ARE PRETTY GOOD WITH THE WHOLE COMPETITIVE EATING THING.

ONE... MORE...

PLUM...OR PLATE?

BARREL.

HAHAHA HAHAHA HA HA HA HA

BAM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE NEVER HAD REAL COFFEE.

I DRINK THE SAME SYNTHETIC SLOP AS EVERYONE ELSE.

IT'S GOOD TO BE QUEEN, I GUESS. ANYWAY, THIS SHOULD MAKE UP FOR MY STUNT IN THE MESS.

WHEN THE WAR'S OVER, I'LL GET YOU THE BEST GREEN TEA JAPAN HAS TO OFFER.

I THOUGHT GREEN TEA CAME FROM CHINA.

RITA, LISTEN. I THINK–

SAY, DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING TERRIBLE?

SNIFF

DEFINITELY SOMETHING–

THOOM

MIMICS!

BUT HOW? THEY DON'T ATTACK UNTIL TO–

THEY'RE LEARNING.

BUT OUR JACKETS! WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS!

WE'RE SITTING DUCKS HERE TOO. MIMICS **EAT** CITIES.

MY JACKET IS DOWNSTAIRS–I'LL COVER YOU TILL WE GET TO YOUR BARRACKS.

"TWO MINUTES FOR RITA TO SUIT UP."

"FOUR MINUTES TO REACH THE JAPANESE BARRACKS."

DUDE! RETREAT! IT'S OVER! THEY WERE IN HERE, THEY KILLED SO MANY–THEY **ATE** US WHOLE.

IT'S NOT OVER WHILE RITA AND I ARE HERE.

WHAT? YOU'RE A NEWBIE, NOT SPECIAL FORCES! YOU'LL BE KILLED.

I NEED THIS BATTLE. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND.

"TWO MINUTES THIRTY SECONDS FOR ME TO SUIT UP."

THIS ISN'T A BATTLE!

IT'S A MASSACRE!

"MOST OF THE JACKETS ALREADY DEAD."

"LIKE THE MIMICS KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT US. EVERYTHING."

"WHERE TO STRIKE BEST TO SPLIT THE TROOPS OFF FROM COMMAND AND CONTROL.

"IT WAS THE PLAN RITA AND I HAD FOR THEM."

SAME PLAN, DIFFERENT DAY. PUSH THROUGH—TAKE OUT THE ANTENNA MIMIC.

HOW CAN WE DO THAT?

DO WHAT WE DO BEST. KILL MIMICS.

"RITA WAS SOMETHING ELSE. MORE THAN A VALKYRIE, MORE THAN THE FULL METAL BITCH. WHEREVER SHE WENT, THE HEART OF THE BATTLE FOLLOWED."

"I WASN'T TOO SHABBY EITHER."

MIMIC AT TWELVE, MAN AT THREE!

THWOOM

YOU NEED TO STAY OUT OF BATTLE!

IT WAS A GOOD SHOT, RITA.

PULITZER MATERIAL.

"HE WON ONE TOO."

NO AIR SUPPORT.

WE HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY.

TYPICAL.

LET'S GO.

"ALMOST."

"JUST LIKE LAST TIME..."

"BUT LAST TIME DIDN'T WORK."

AAAAAAAAH!

KATHROOM!

DAMN, THAT WAS MY LAST ROCKET TOO.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME.

I FIGURED IT OUT. OUR BRAINS ARE ANTENNAS.

WE'RE RECEIVING SIGNALS -DREAMS- FROM THE MIMIC.

BUT KILLING IT DIDN'T FREE YOU. YOU'RE STILL IN THE LOOP. STILL IN THE DREAM.

BUT BRAINS ADAPT. EVOLVE.

I'VE BEEN THROUGH TOO MANY LOOPS.

THE DREAMER ISN'T THE MIMIC ANYMORE.

"IT'S ME."

"YOU KILL ME, YOU'RE FREE FROM THE LOOP."

"I KILL YOU, IT'S FOR REAL."

WHAM!

AHEM. ANTENNA MIMIC AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

FWOOM!

OH YEAH.

NOW WERE WE-URRFH!

"I'D DIED 160 TIMES."

I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU.

"DIED OVER AND OVER, JUST TO GET NEAR HER."

IF HUMANITY IS GONNA WIN THIS WAR, ONE OF US HAS TO BREAK OUT OF THIS LOOP.

"THE SAME LOOP THAT MADE ME INTO A WARRIOR WAS GOING TO KILL ME."

I THINK WE'VE BOTH DIED ENOUGH, DON'T YOU?

"THIS IS ABOUT AS FUCKED UP AS IT GETS."

I DO. I REALLY DO. BUT ONE MORE OUGHT TO DO IT.

WHAM!

BOOM!

HEY, NO RUNNING!

WELL... SAYONARA, SUCKER!

PING!

PING!

PING!

HEY, NO SHOOTING!

US-1 TO FMB. MIMIC SUPPRESSION IS UNDER CONTROL. NEED A HAND?

NEGATIVE!

JUST KEEP THE JAPANESE SQUAD OUT OF HERE!

AAAAH!

WE CAN'T KEEP EVERY-ONE OUT! REMEMBER OUR LAST SHOWDOWN?

YOU LOST THAT ONE TOO.

LET'S DO IT.

"TO THE MESS HALL!"

THROO-RANG!

CLANG!

SHING!

AW, C'MON!

BLURRGH!

SKOSH!

OW!

GAH!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DON'T GET.

YOU LEARNED BY FIGHTING MIMICS.

I LEARNED BY MIMICKING YOU.

SHUT UP AND FIGHT.

WELL, SHIT.

YOU WIN.

RITA!

I'M SORRY, I'M SOR-

DON'T BE.

I KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY. THIS TIME.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO. WE CAN STAY LOOPING.

KILL A MILLION MIMICS.

EVERY DAY.

EVERY NIGHT.

THE SAME.

EVERY DAY A STRANGER. EVERY NIGHT A FOE.

THE KEIJI I KNOW WOULDN'T SACRIFICE THE WORLD FOR HIMSELF.

BREAK OUT OF THE LOOP.

THIS IS IT. THIS IS WAR, SOLDIER. GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY?

I LOVE YOU.

GOOD. I HATE IT WHEN I DIE ALONE.

"LOOP 160.
GAME OVER."

"EVENTUALLY, THERE WAS A COURT MARTIAL."

"SOMETHING ABOUT DISRUPTING INTERNATIONAL UNITY. AND KILLING AMERICA'S GREATEST HERO."

"I WAS CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES."

"EVERYONE WAS DESPERATE FOR A RESET. LIKE NOTHING EVER HAPPENED."

BUT FIRST.

HEY, "KILLER KAGE"! GREAT FIGHT LAST NIGHT!

WAY TO WRECK THE JOINT.

A MEDAL, THE ACCLAIM OF THE IGNORANT MASSES, AND REAL COFFEE RATIONS BESIDES? WHO TAUGHT YOU TO FIGHT, SOLDIER?

YOU DID, SERGEANT.

THERE'S NOT A MAN IN JAPAN WHO COULD TEACH YOU WHAT YOU KNOW. THE U.S. MAYBE...

"SPEAKING OF, THERE WAS SOME AMERICAN SNIFFIN' ROUND, LOOKIN' FOR YOU."

SO, THIS IS SURPRISE NUMBER ONE. A JAPANESE-U.S. HYBRID.

SURPRISE NUMBER TWO...

BEFORE UHM... THE OTHER DAY, RITA TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THIS.

THE KEY TO HER QUARTERS.

HUH. THANKS.

WERE YOU A CLOSE FRIEND OF RITA'S? I MEAN, SHE NEVER MENTIONED YOU, THEN THE MORNING OF THE BIG ATTACK SHE TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU HER KEY.

CLOSE FRIEND? NO. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY SHE WORE RED ARMOR.

IT HELPED HER STAND OUT ON THE BATTLEFIELD. SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO CATCH SOMEONE'S ATTENTION.

IT WORKED.

WELL, THANKS.

"I DIDN'T JUST GET THE KEY. I GOT THE PLACE AND ALL HER OTHER PRIVILEGES. HER RANK. IN UNITED SPECIAL FORCES."

"FRESH BREWED, ON A TIMER. LIKE SHE KNEW I'D BE HERE AT THIS EXACT MOMENT."

"SHE DIDN'T LEAVE A NOTE OR ANYTHING THOUGH."

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
James Jones

EAST OF EDEN

"SHE NEEDED THIS SOLITUDE. SHE HAD TO SEE HER COMRADES AND FRIENDS DIE, OVER AND OVER AGAIN."

"HOW MANY TIMES DID SHE WITNESS MY DEATH? AT HER OWN HAND?"

"I'LL HAVE MY ARMOR PAINTED SKY BLUE."

"IN A FIELD OF A MILLION SOLDIERS, I'LL STAND OUT. A LIGHTNING ROD FOR ENEMY ATTACK. I'LL BE THEIR TARGET."

"ALL I'LL NEED TO DO IS KILL."

WRITERS

HIROSHI SAKURAZAKA was born in 1970 in Tokyo. After a career in information technology, he published his first novel, *Modern Magic Made Simple* (Yoku wakaru gendai mahou), in 2003 from Super Dash Bunko, a popular light novel imprint for young adult audiences. The first novel was quite successful and is now an ongoing series of seven volumes. It has also been adapted as a manga, in 2008, and as a televised anime series in 2009. He published *All You Need Is Kill* with the same imprint in 2004, earning a Seiun Award nomination for best science fiction novel. His 2004 short story «Saitama Chainsaw Massacre» won the 16th *SF Magazine* Reader's Award. His other novels include *Characters* (cowritten with Hiroki Azuma) and *Slum Online*, released in English in 2010 by Haikasoru.

In 2010, Sakurazaka started an experimental digital magazine, *AIR*, with Junji Hotta. He continues to be one of Japan's most exciting writers of both light novels and adult science fiction.

NICK MAMATAS is the author of several novels, including *The Damned Highway* (with Brian Keene) and *Bullettime*. His short fiction has appeared in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, Tor.com, *Weird Tales*, and many other venues. He's also written comics for Media Blasters and the Squid Works! collective. Nick's work has been nominated for the Hugo, World Fantasy, Bram Stoker, and Shirley Jackson awards.

ARTISTS

LEE FERGUSON has worked in comics since 2001, when he broke in at Marvel on the 9/11 Heroes tribute book, followed by work on the company's X-Men titles. Since then, he's worked at DC, IDW, and Dynamite, while also putting out *Freak*, his creator-owned project from Image Comics. His newest book is *The Many Adventures of Miranda Mercury*, co-created with Brandon Thomas and published through Archaia Comics. In 2012, *Miranda Mercury* was on YALSA's best graphic novels for teens list and nominated for four Glyph Awards, including Best Artist.

FAJAR BUANA is a colorist and illustrator working with Papillon Studios in Indonesia who has worked on projects for Copius Amounts Press, Supa Strike Entertainment and Arcana. He is currently colorist for the VIZ series *Monsuno*.

ZACK TURNER is the creator of the web comic *Unlife* and was colorist on *Unimaginable* (Arcana) and has done letters on *Max Steel* and *Monsuno* (VIZ). His artwork has been featured in short stories in *Redakai* (VIZ) and *The Reason for Dragons* (Archaia).

ALL YOU NEED IS KILL

ALL YOU NEED IS KILL
Official Graphic Novel Adaptation

Story by **Hiroshi Sakurazaka**
Adaptation by **Nick Mamatas**

Art by **Lee Ferguson**
Colors by **Fajar Buana**
Letters/Touch-Up by **Zack Turner**

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